

SHIP TRUST METHODS.

When the International Navigation Company, capital \$15,000,000, was expanded by Mr. J. P. Morgan (for a fee of \$12,500,000) into the International Mercantile Marine Company, capital stock \$120,000,000, bonded indebtedness \$50,000,000, it acquired the following ocean-going vessels:

Line.	Ships.	Line.	Ships.
American	13	Danish	6
Red Star	13	Atlantic Transport	21
White Star	23	Leyland	34

That is to say, 105 ships representing \$105,000,000 or \$1,000,000 apiece, with the \$50,000,000 in bonds to represent the good will, docking privileges, franchises, &c., of the merged companies. It was a big price, a price all out of proportion to the value of the properties acquired. Much old material was disposed of along with much good on terms highly advantageous to the seller, Mr. Morgan, a generous buyer, being not accustomed to stickle at a few thousands where millions are involved.

Then came the problem of getting an adequate return from the public on this inflated capitalization. The ocean carrying trade had been enormously profitable, but to earn dividends on this large amount of water necessitated the practice of economies of which ship-owners and travellers alike complain and the indifferent service of which the slow passage of the St. Louis was only one of various cases in kind if less in degree.

For example: When the Trust was formed the new President, Clement A. Griscom, Jr., promised "a fast boat a day to Europe." Yet between the 14th and 31st of this month of fifteen vessels scheduled to leave New York for the White Star, North German Lloyd, Hamburg-American and American lines only one, the Philadelphia of the Hamburg line, is a fast steamer. The North German Lloyd and the Hamburg companies it is to be borne in mind though not in the Trust are allied to it by a shipping arrangement.

Also, it was intimated when the ocean merger was effected that only such changes in the passenger and freight tariffs would be made as would put an end to ruinous competition. It was chiefly by "economies of management" that the members of the Trust were to benefit. But as a matter of fact not only was the passage price put up, but on Jan. 1 of this year the freight rates were advanced, those of the first and second class being increased by 25 cents per cubic metre on the North German Lloyd line. And importers who had been accustomed to sign an annual agreement to ship only by these German lines in return for a rebate of 10 per cent. are notified that the rebate will be no longer allowed.

So as a result of a brief two years of this ocean monopoly we have higher rates, slower boats and, in the deplorable case of the delayed St. Louis with her leaky boilers and ill-fated passengers, a deteriorated service.

Does not this provide us with an illuminating insight into the methods and tendencies of monopoly? It is the inevitable outcome of the killing of competition. Dividends on watered stock can be secured only by cheapening the quality of the product and raising the price of it.

GIRLS WHO GAMBLE.

Is there not too much loose and inaccurate generalization in the public and elsewhere about "girls who gamble?" We hear allegations every week about their prevalence and their sinfulness. Last Sunday they were characterized ministerially as "the stormy petrels on the social horizon of to-day." A sounding rhetorical phrase signifying something alarming but not capable of profitable analysis.

If the gambling spirit is rife among young women it is a deplorable thing and one to be condemned and reprobated. But does it exist? Where are girls at gaming tables to be found? Is there a woman's gambling club? Are there feminine poker matinees where the play is so high that the participants are obliged to pawn their jewels to pay their losses? The charge has been made in the customary general way, lacking particulars as to time and place and circumstances and with the names of the persons participating not divulged.

If we are to believe all we hear in reproof of young women we must be persuaded that the country is full of girls with lax notions about playing cards for money and with cigarette-smoking and dram-drinking tendencies as well. Why is it that while we so frequently hear of them we never see them? They are always somewhere else and known to some other person and their notoriety increases proportionately with their anonymity.

It is the belief of many persons not professional moralists that the girls of to-day show no deterioration from the approved standard of character and womanliness—that they are quite as good, in fact, as their grandmothers were. These conservative persons think that self-respect among women is fully as great as it was in a previous generation and self-reliance greater. If the womanly ideals are not perhaps as high as formerly the practical application of them leaves nothing to be desired. These unalarmed persons do not believe that one gambling woman makes the entire sex gamblers at heart or in spirit and on their ears the iteration of the charges falls with a persistency that is offensive.

BASEBALL GRADUATES.

An old-time ballplayer, the Chicago nine's famous captain and first baseman, Adrian C. Anson, is the Democratic candidate for City Treasurer of Chicago. "I've played honest ball; that's a pretty good sign that I'll play honest with the people if they make me a city official." That's "Old Anse's" platform and there have been worse. What his knowledge of finance is a matter of greater concern to Chicago than to the rest of the world.

The diamond has contributed many men of prominence to business and political life. Even a partial list is interesting, showing as it does:

William H. Moody, Secretary of the Navy, once President of the New England League.

Arthur F. Gorman, United States Senator, a member of the old National Club of Washington.

"Charlie" Murphy, Tammany leader, one of the old "Senators."

"Charlie" Palmer, long a Cincinnati magistrate.

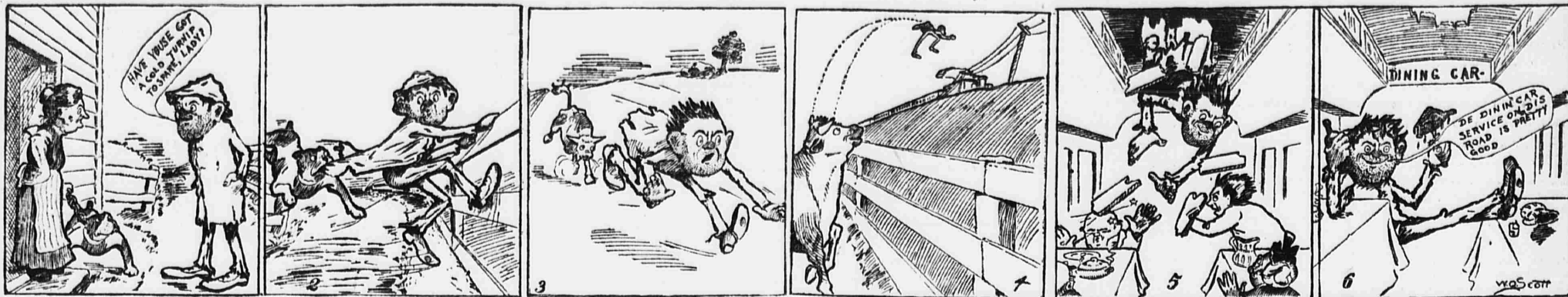
"Mike" Sullivan, State's Attorney in Boston.

And in business or professional life John Ward, Spaulding, "Al" Reach, the Wrights, Harry and George, Barrett, the Chicago Sheriff, Ebbs, the Brooklyn Councilman, and a host of others.

It is an instructive list, brief as it is. The Iron Duke said that Waterloo was won on the cricket field; the diamond gives a training that makes its graduates not less efficient. Its pupils learn things not taught in school—judgment, accuracy of eye, strategy, alertness, the overcoming of obstacles and a knowledge of human nature. The graduate well up in these branches of instruction and incidentally developed physically in a way impossible in gymnastics may lack something of book learning, but he is well equipped for a career. In business and in the mental traits that make for executive success he lacks little that he need envy the college graduate the possession of, except for a learned pro-

CHEERFUL CHARLIE, THE CHILD OF CHANCE, HAS ANOTHER EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

As Usual He Has a Lucky Finish After a Cyclonish and Strenuous Streak of Adventures.



THE LOVE LETTERS OF LAURA.

BY ROY M'CARDELL.

NO. IV.
From Miss Laura Stocum to Mr. Remond Dusenberry.

DEAR REMOND: Excuse me for not writing every day as I promised, but I have been so very busy. Some of my new dresses are finished and I look very well in them. The girl that lives next door introduced me to the young men across the street. They are very nice young men. I have started to learn stenography at night school. One of the young men across the street goes to the same school. He is just like a brother to me.

The girl next door's name is Nellie. She sent word to her boss that she was ill, and we went over to New York to see the stores. We went to one that had a sign in the window, "Typewriters' Supplies," and bought some cologne, some hair ribbon and some chewing gum. The stores are wonderful. They keep everything for sale, just like the stores in Smithville, only they are a thousand times bigger.

The stores were full of women fighting like all possessed to get at the bargain counters. In one of the stores there was a special sale of rubber plant remnants and the women fairly pulled the clothes off each other to get at them. Some of the stores have staircases that keep on going up themselves, and take you right up just as if you were riding up on the staircases of a thrilling machine. And all of them have little boxes pulled up by iron ropes that take you upstairs, for some of the stores are fifteen stories high, taller by three times over than the biggest stores we saw in Evansville.

Then we went to a matinee. The play was about a young Prince in Germany who didn't want to be a King, but was in love with a girl whose folks ran a saloon, and he wanted to stay around with a special sale of rubber plant remnants and the women fairly pulled the clothes off each other to get at them. He cried terribly because he had to go back home to be a King. But after he was a King he came back and drank beer with a whole lot of young fellows that went to college with him. And he kissed the girl good-by and cried some more because he had to go back to his position at the palace as a King. It was hard to understand, but Nellie and I sat eating candy and crying all through it.

After it was over we hurried out to the back door of the theatre to see the handsome young Prince come out. There was a whole lot of girls there and Nellie wanted me to get in front as so to smile at him when he came out. During the play he had a dog as big as our Alderney calf on the stage with him. After a while a young man came out with the dog. And all the girls said, "Isn't he sweet?" And then a girl said, "That isn't Aubrey!" Which was the name of the young fellow who played the Prince. The young man with the dog looked mad, but everybody said the dog was awful cute. Then the real young fellow came out and took off his hat to us real lovely.

Then Nellie and I went to a store and Nellie bought another picture of the young man who was the Prince in the play. She has twenty others of him, and she says he is real lovely and isn't married yet and has never been divorced, and so some people say he isn't much of an actor. But I think he is perfectly lovely.

Now, have a good time while I am away and enjoy yourself, for I am afraid I will have to stay here a long while. With love, LAURA.

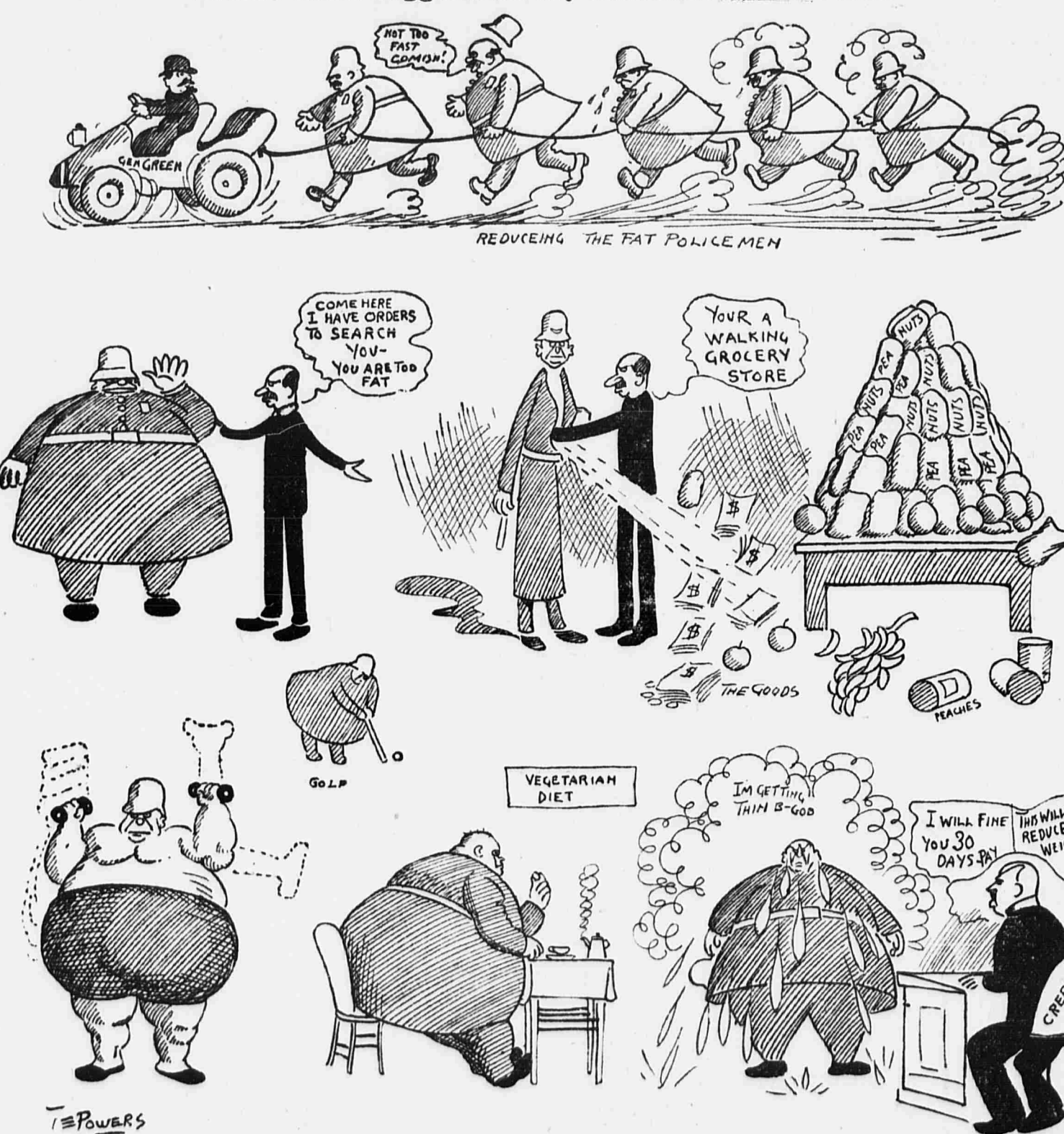
NO. V.

To Miss Laura Stocum, Brooklyn, from Mr. Dusenberry, Smithville, Ind.

Dear friend:—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well and hope you are the same. Mother fed yore letter and told the wimmins temperance union about that prince you seen drinking beer. The wimmins temperance union has tucked it up and has resolved against beer drinking, and you had better come home, you must think I am green to believe them yarns about stairs that pick you up and carry you to the top of fifteen story buildings, and I'm surprised at you trying to tell me a dog is big as a big calf, keep away from them play actors, a lot of them sleep in our barn last night and stole every darn egg they had and drank a hull barrel of cider. They don't get up till ten o'clock and they sing scandalous songs such as: back, back, back to the mines, back to the water tanks and back to the mines. They got awful mad because they couldn't play "The Mad Millionaire" in town last because Captain Gody wanted the money fast. You better come home. Excuse haste and a bad pen, your friend, REMOND DUSENBERRY.

FAT POLICEMEN MUST REDUCE, SAYS GREENE.

Artist Powers Suggests Obesity Remedies for "The Finest."



To reduce the police rotundity is taxing Greene's profundity. Though to dodge his Haroun auto ought to waste a pound a day. And extracting their "collections" would reduce their torsic sections. While a merry way to "sweat" a cop is: Fine 'im ten days' pay.

Five of the Best Jokes of the Day.

THE GUNNER'S VENERATION.

First Gunner (as companion shoots at rabbit)—By the great horn spoon, but you missed him! How on earth did you come to do that?
Second Gunner—Too much respect for gray hairs, I suppose.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

LO! THE POOR INDIAN.

She—Do they have societies at the Carlisle School?
He—Sure. Haven't you heard of Indian clubs?—Harvard Lampoon.

THEY WENT TO PRESS.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I said.
And she nodded her sweet permission; So we went to press, and I rather guess We printed a full edition.
—Cap and Gown.

BROWN'S SYMPATHY.

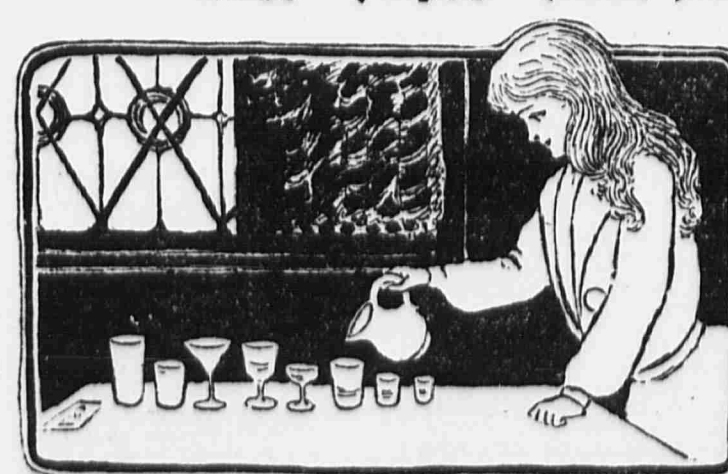
Jones—Charley fell from a street car last evening.
Brown—Oh, I'm awfully sorry.
Jones—But he wasn't hurt at all.
Brown—I wasn't thinking about Charley. I was thinking of the sufferings of those who would be sold about that fall for months to come.—Boston Transcript.

THE VELOCIPED.

Puzzled Salesman—Are you sure you want a velocipede, madam?
Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, for my grandson. He wants a regular bicycle, of course, but he's too small for that yet.—Philadelphia Press.

HOME FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

Glass "Angels" Made from Tumblers.



Right hand gently tap the glasses on the side and near the top. They give out a ringing sound, but the two sounds are not alike. Pour the water in or out until the two sounds are exactly alike.

This was what the man of science was doing. He was tuning the glasses. You can now see that by adding water to the glass we lower the pitch. The glass vibrates as we tap it, and these vibrations travel through the air to our ears, and we say we hear the sounds. A note is a continuous series of vibrations. The slower they move the lower the note. The water causes the glass to vibrate more slowly, and the more water the slower the vibrations and the lower the pitch. The bass strings in the piano are large, long and heavy; the high sounding strings are short, thin and light.

It is easy in this way to arrange eight glasses and to tune them one note apart and thus have an octave, on which you can play a tune. To make a complete octave it will be found best to pick out glasses of different sizes and tune them with water. The best way to sound the glasses is to wet the finger and draw it lightly along the rim of the glass. This is the way musical glasses are played. The sound of such glasses is very pure and sweet. Many people soon tire of the sound, as it is so sweet and smooth that it is uninteresting. It is like eating lump sugar. It was the sound from glasses tuned with water that the man's wife mistook for the voice of an angel.



"TRAVELLERS on the ocean are having a hard time of it these days," remarked the Cigar-Store Man.

"They deserve all that is coming to them," replied the Man Higher Up. "They have been standing for the worst of it so long that some of the steamship companies have come to be rivals of the Staten Island ferry-boat line. Many of the ships that cross are good, and they take care of you on board them as though you were paying at the rate of a dollar a minute, which you are coming pretty close to at that. But as soon as the ships get into a trust it will be all off."

"Take the St. Louis for instance—the St. Louis of the American line. The only thing American about the American line is the name. The officers and crews are English, and they will do what they are told. If they had instructions to start out with a ship from Southampton and take chances on being towed across the ocean by tugs they would start. The Star Spangled Banner waves over the ships with the American names, but the national anthem of the men who put it up and take it down is 'God Save the King.'"

"The passengers on the St. Louis on the last trip heard before they left the other side that they were lining up to get stung, but the most of them were Americans, and they wanted to ride the briny under the Stars and Stripes. When they got next to the fact that there wasn't enough coal on the ship to make her go faster than an exhibition of Swiss cheese, they got up to the proper stage of American indignation and held a mass-meeting in the smoking-room."

"Captain," reported a trusty officer to the grizzled veteran on the bridge, 'the passengers are holding an indignation meeting in the smoking-room.'

"Blow me!" replied the captain; 'but that's a bloody bleedin' fine thing! Turn off the steam, 'Ennery, and save coal. They'll heat things up so that they won't notice it.'

"So the passengers held their indignation mass-meetings and the captain saved enough coal to bring his ship into New York a couple of days earlier than he could have done had he been compelled to keep the ship heated all the time. That shows the futility of holding meetings and adopting resolutions against a Trust."

"The managers of the combine have learned a lesson. Hereafter we may look for mass-meetings of indignation on every ship that starts out in the winter time. By this method the Ship Combine can save enough coal to enable the managers to declare an extra dividend. After the Trust gets control of all the ships people having business on the other side of the ocean will have to take what they can get, the same as they used to in the old days when they started a sailing vessel full of emigrants from England and took chances on landing up anywhere between South America, Greenland and the bottom of the sea."

"This episode on the St. Louis exhibits, as I said before, the foolishness of the mass-meeting habit which our countrymen have accumulated and cultivated. If the price of coal is too high we shriek for a mass-meeting, hold a mass-meeting, adopt a lot of resolutions, and the next day the price of coal is raised. We mass-meet on any and all possible occasions, and out of the mass-meetings there comes nothing much but rent for the hall and a chance for a few orators to cut loose. The St. Louis's passengers got together to sue the line. They got their resolutions printed in the newspapers. In a week most of them will have forgotten that they ever took the trip."

"What do you think we ought to do to put the kibosh on the Ship Combine?" asked the Cigar-Store Man.

"Refuse to travel on the ocean," replied the Man Higher Up, "or when we travel use our private yachts."

REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Robinson Crusoe himself never really existed, but the author of the book, Daniel Defoe, got the idea for his story from the experiences of a Scottish sailor named Alexander Selkirk, who lived from about 1676 to 1726.

This sailor having quarreled with his captain was left on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chili in the year 1704, with only his gun and ammunition and a few other necessary articles. There he lived for over four years, subsisting on game, and making his own clothes out of the skins of goats.

He was afterward rescued and became an officer in the British Navy. Defoe located his Robinson Crusoe's island off the eastern coast of South America in the tropics, and he made up many new experiences for his hero that had never happened to Selkirk.

But people on the island of Juan Fernandez seem to think that Robinson Crusoe actually lived there and they show visitors "Crusoe's Cave," "Crusoe's Beach," where the sailor landed, and "Crusoe's Lookout," from which he could see the cannibals.